

MAINE'S PEOPLE IN PERSPECTIVE

Bitter Sweet

ONE DOLLAR

VOL. SIX, NO. EIGHT
AUGUST, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHTY THREE



Mosher Hill, Farmington

Scott Perry Photo

**Artisans in Lovell • A Cornish Revival
How To Cut The High Costs of Dying**



**Walter Lord • Doris Thurston
Fiction by David Carew**

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7:30 PM

AUGUST 6 — 13 — 20 (7:00 PM) — 27



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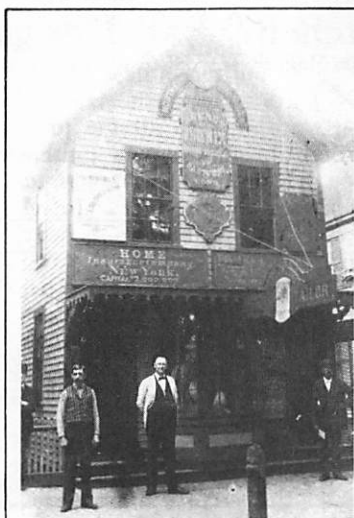


AUGUST

1 Worcester 7:00 p.m.	2 Pawtucket 6:30 p.m.	3 Taunton 7:30 p.m.	4 Taunton 8:30 p.m.	5 Taunton 8:30 p.m.	6 Taunton 8:30 p.m.
7 Taunton 7:30 p.m.	8 Taunton 7:30 p.m.	9 Taunton 7:30 p.m.	10 Taunton 7:30 p.m.	11 Taunton 7:30 p.m.	12 Taunton 7:30 p.m.
13 Taunton 7:30 p.m.	14 Taunton 7:30 p.m.	15 Taunton 7:30 p.m.	16 Taunton 7:30 p.m.	17 Taunton 7:30 p.m.	18 Taunton 7:30 p.m.
19 Taunton 7:30 p.m.	20 Taunton 7:30 p.m.	21 Taunton 7:30 p.m.	22 Taunton 7:30 p.m.	23 Taunton 7:30 p.m.	24 Taunton 7:30 p.m.
25 Taunton 7:30 p.m.	26 Taunton 7:30 p.m.	27 Taunton 7:30 p.m.	28 Taunton 7:30 p.m.	29 Taunton 7:30 p.m.	30 Taunton 7:30 p.m.
31 Taunton 7:30 p.m.					

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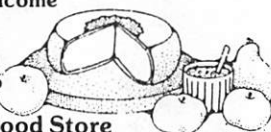
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letters to the editor

MARRIED MEN

I was interested in reading Dr. Lacombe's column for March. I do believe that we must depend upon one another in this world of ours. However, it may be interesting to note that his statement that married people live longer is not exactly accurate. The fact is, sociologists have discovered that married *men* live longer. Single women do! Ain't it the truth?

S. Adams
Portland

ALABAMA JUBILEE

On a recent visit to Honolulu, I met a delightful couple who did me a big favor . . . I was surprised to find that, although the gentleman was a native of Hawaii, the lady was a transplanted Bostonian who had spent several summers in Western Maine and New Hampshire. She showed me the latest copy of *Yankee* magazine, told me she was a regular subscriber, and was still very interested in Maine. So I asked her if she were familiar with *Bittersweet*. She wasn't. So, in return for their kindness . . . I wish to send them a subscription to a real magazine of Maine.

Robert O. Boston
Auburn, Alabama

AUTHOR'S NOTES

I'm sorry but I must have made an error in "The Corn Mill That Was," April magazine. Norman Mills purchased the (Locke) mill. Everyone was pleased with the story. Thank you.

Ruby Emery
Bryant Pond

Thank you for using Jack's article on me and for reprinting "March" from *Pages*. It is one of my favorites, and it was nice to see it in print again. It might interest you to know I have had two orders for the book as a result of the article.

Joyce Butler
Kennebunk

DOORWAYS

Give me lilacs while I live, no guilty lilies after.
Lilacs are brief
and speak to me of lost
wind and sun and rain,
of shaggy, far-off doorways,
So seldom, so welcome,
lilacs each time give strength:
my harsh New England
waits for them to bloom again.

Elizabeth Hobbs
Raymond

AUGUST HAPPINESS

by T. Jewell Collins

Today, in Maine, in August, picking blueberries in a field of timothy and goldenrod and clover—and blueberry bushes, of course—with the green hills around me and the wind blowing by my ears is happiness.

The wind comes silently, not rustling through trees or rippling across a lake. It reaches one with no warning sound, rushing past one's head, the hum of it always there until the wind itself ceases. The clouds pile in the blue sky like whipped cream on blueberry shortcake. There is nothing to mar the perfection . . . not a buzzing mosquito intrudes on the quiet of the day, not a worrisome thought.

I cradle clusters of berries in my palm, and with my thumb coax them from their stems. The first layer of berries pads the bottom of the pan with a muffled "tunk, tunk," but the remaining berries drop silently. The bushes hug the ground, ripening more from warmth than direct sunlight. I discover some of the choicest berries on the underside of the bushes. Huckleberries, those midnight blue-black cousins of the blueberry, provide variety in the picking, growing in scattered patches among the blueberries.

My thoughts range freely, one triggering another until, logically enough, I recall picking blueberries with my grandfather on top of the hill in North Waterford above Uncle Henry and Auntie Jo's place. It seemed as though the berries there were closer to the sun's warmth, sitting way up high on that hill.

Gramp never appeared to be looking at the berries he was picking. While he drew them from the bush into his pail, his eyes were roving over the patch for his next target. He would jump from clump to clump, and picking became a contest to see who could find the biggest and the best. To play this game with Gramp required me to compromise my orderly, frugal nature which dictated that I not leave a bush until all ripe berries had been plucked from its branches. As abruptly as he scooted from bush to bush, Gramp would suddenly announce, "O.K., Julie, time to head for home." Gramp moved to some internal clock whose timing was

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Cross Roads

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9 Folk Tales: Walter Lord of North Waterford by Jo Sanderson & Doris Thurston of North Norway

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20 The Berries: Recipes & Picking Tips

23 Potpourri: Gardening for August by Margaret Harriman

25 "A Quiet Room" Fiction by David Carew of Portland. Illustration by Betsey Hanscom of South Windham.

30 "The Mainers" Cartoon by Tim Sample.

Cover: Mosher Hill photo by Farmington photographer Scott Perry.

Poetry: DOORWAYS by Elizabeth Hobbs, pg. 2; SKY DAY and EXCURSION by JoAnne Zywna Kerr, pg. 20.

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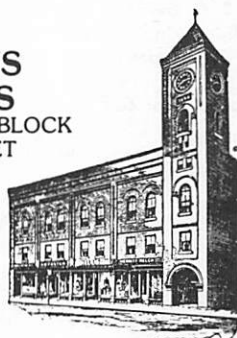
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Sue Beckerley



Goings On

Through Aug. 13, the Jones Gallery of Glass & Ceramics, Sebago, will display its marvellous Pre-Hispanic Peruvian Ceramics (pictured, l. to r., a whistling parrot vessel, ca. A.D. 400; Tiahuanaco's "Gateway God," ca. A.D. 600-800; Moche stirrup-spout vessel with crab deity, ca. A.D. 400). Hours are 9:30-5 Mon.-Sat. Admission \$2.00 adults. Phone 207/787-3370 for directions on how to reach Douglas Hill. Special lecture Aug. 6. Dorothy-Lee Jones, museum founder, will lecture on Aug. 20 on *German-American Glass, 16th-19th C.*; and on Aug. 27, Mr. George Bird, curator, will lecture on *Bennington Pottery*, beginning at 11 a.m. Full lecture fee, including lunch, is \$15. The museum's regular collection is spectacular and shouldn't be missed. (See *BitterSweet*, Sept. 1981.)

So far, it's been "the long, hot summer," but the nights are beginning to cool and one of the liveliest ways I can think of to spice up the summer is a *Contra Dance*. Circles, squares, waltzes, polkas & contras are played & taught at *East Sumner Grange* (Rt. 219) on Aug. 12, Sept. 9, Oct. 14 & Nov. 11, beginning at 8 p.m. Live music by the *Oxford County Stumpjumper*s. Fun for the whole family. Cost: \$2.50.

A cool afternoon pastime would be one of the *Used Book Sales* in the area. *North Bridgton Library* holds theirs every Sat. 10-2 and Weds. evening 7-8 until Sept. 3rd. Friends of *Auburn Public Library* will hold a one-time sale on the library lawn, Aug. 4 (Rain date Aug. 5).

Some unusual, out-of-the-way events worth searching out are: the *Poland Spring Preservation Society's Maine State Bldg. & All Souls Chapel*, on the old Poland Spring Resort grounds, open thru Sept. Fri.-Mon. 10-4. Donations only. Or you might try an architectural walking tour of *Kennebunk's National Historical Register District*, leaving the *Brick Store Museum*, 117 Main St., every Fri. at 2 p.m. (\$2.00 fee). The museum itself is open year-round Tues.-Sat. 10-4:30 (\$1.00). Phone 207/985-4802 for information on this and *The Taylor Barry House*, a restored Federal period sea-captain's house.

There are some exciting Gallery Shows in the area. The permanent collection, with its striking impressionists and overwhelming Van Gogh *Irises*, will be displayed all summer at the *Joan Whitney Payson Gallery of Art*, Westbrook College. An Aug. 14 trip to Winslow Homer's studio on Prout's Neck is scheduled. Phone 207/797-9546 for information.

Perhaps you'd be interested in a **Whale Watch** out of Northeast Harbor. It leaves at 8:30 a.m. from Sea St. Pier (Municipal Wharf) every Tues.-Sat. in Aug. and Fri.-Sun. in Sept. The all-day cruise views seabirds, porpoise and seals as well. Reservations necessary: call 207/244-3575 or 244-7457.

One more mammal note: The *Western Maine Rabbit Breeders Assoc.* will hold a **Public Supper** (Normandy Rabbit in Cider, baked beans, casseroles, coleslaw, rolls & pies) Sat. Aug. 6, 5-7 p.m., at Bridgton United Methodist Church. Adults \$4, Children 6-12 \$1.50, Under 6 free. Sounds unique!

The Lovell Arts & Artisans Fair

August 20 11-4

"Inch for inch, the best little craftshow in Maine"

Mary Parrish, in her country-elegant living room in Lovell, chuckles as she quotes the words above, attributed to people who travel the national craft show circuit. What started in 1976 as a fund-raising project by the Women's Library Club of the Charlotte E. Hobbs Memorial Library has burgeoned into a select invitational fair *par excellence*.

Nearly sixty exhibitors, strolling musicians (Morrison's Minstrel's—Rev. Don Morrison, that is), a used book sale, a Magic Show performed for children by Alex Chandler and Rich Buzzell, a barbequed-chicken supper put on by the Volunteer Firemen (at Lovell Center Church), all contribute to the old-fashioned flair of a day on the charming village green.

Needlework, quilts, pottery, weaving, stained glass, jewelry, baskets, leather, wood and metalwork are of the finest quality the selective crafts committee can find. Photography, paintings, decorative accessories, porcelain, pewter, and blown glass can all be found in Lovell on August 20th.

Lovell Arts & Artisans Fair is community-wide now, according to Fair chairwoman Jerry Urquhart. "People think of it as a town affair... they're very supportive; they work on it, attend it, bring their friends."

There's something for everyone and prices run the gamut of a few dollars to custom orders. A percentage of the sales profits goes to the library; booth space is free.

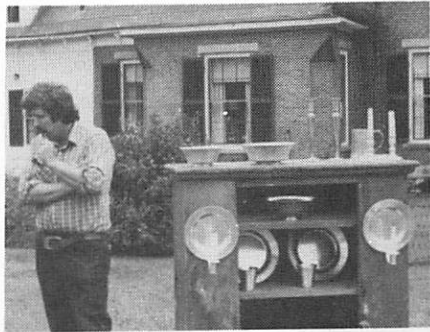
Craftspeople interested in being considered as exhibitors must submit slides or samples to the committee (this year Sally Davee, Janet Duemler, Sandra Merrill); otherwise it is by invitation only, to assure, as Mary Parrish says, the best quality. Most exhibitors return summer after summer, to enjoy a reliable regional market which expands to triple the year-round population. Most of the artists and artisans are local people, as well.

Lovell is an old-fashioned village of mostly white-clapboard or brick homes, situated on a pleasant lake. It boasts an old-time country store on the National Register of Historic Places, and a golf

Patchwork by Lyn Korth



Ken Kantro & his pewter



course of great beauty.

The sale is held, rain or shine. Home-made lunch is served under the direction of Roberta Chandler and Irene Dunham. The girl scouts earn badges by offering childcare. Pat Bryan is hostess, Martha Goldsmith is in charge of decorations, and Librarian Sue Black is in charge of publicity—it really is a community project, with booths by other organizations in town, as well. But the primary emphasis is on the cream of the craft crop. N.M.

NEEDLEWORK

Nettie Bennett (Lovell) and
Rosie White (Stow)—hand painted wrap skirts
Sue Eastman (Stow)—jackets, vests, hand knit
sweaters
Barbara Buzzell (Lovell)—knitted sweaters and hats
Linda Gray (N. Conway, N.H.)—fabric hangings
Ruth Kosiavelon (Lowell, Mass.)—fabric crafts
Erma Wilson (Center Lovell)—knit articles

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Roberta Wilfong (Stow)—crocheted ornaments
Norma Berryman (Oakland)—hand made ties
Jane Dunlop (Sweden) and
Laura Doggett (Sweden)—decorated wood boxes
and soft animals

Judy Genesis (Sweden)—soft dolls
Pat Peabody (No. Bridgton)—knits

QUILTS AND PATCHWORK

Leslie Wilfong (Stow)—patchwork vests, skirts,
blouses
Lynne Card (Lovell)—quilted articles
Viola Hazelton (Harrison)—quilts
Carolyn Howlett-Korth (Reading, Mass.)—quilts,
pillows, patchwork

POTTERY

Gogi Adler (Cornish)—pottery
Fay Corrin (Bryant Pond)—pottery
Diane Geiser (Naples)—pottery
Michael Remsen (Rockport)—porcelain
Pat Thurston (Lovell)—ceramics and clayworks
Martha Tracy (Kezar Falls)—porcelain

GLASS

Nancy O'Neil (Kezar Falls)—stained glass
Fred & Candy Jackman (Mt. Vernon)—stained glass
Richard Remsen (Rockport)—blown glass

FINE WOODWORK

Peter Davey (Lovell)—woodturning
Stephen Ward (Turner)—mirrors, deck chairs
John Lankhorst (Kennebunkport)—wood sculpture
Robert Webster (Ellsworth)—handcarved pipes
Olaf Ekbergh (N. Conway, N.H.)—wood furniture

METALS

Ken Kantro (Lovell)—pewter
Lance Cloutier (Fryeburg)—iron

JEWELRY

Cathy Freeman (Somerset, Mass.)—scrimshaw
jewelry
Sharyn Ekbergh (N. Conway, N.H.)—silver jewelry
Lou Mastro (South Casco)—enamel jewelry
Christopher Goodine (Jackson, N.H.)—gold and
silver jewelry

PAINTINGS & DRAWINGS

Lucile Geiser (Naples)—watercolors
Tim Hawkesworth (Lovell)—acrylics & oils
Cleo Stilphen (Harrison)—etchings, engravings,
watercolors

PHOTOGRAPHY

Juanita Perkins (Center Lovell)—photography

WEAVING

Terri Shedd (N. Conway, N.H.)—weavings

LEATHER

Peter Lowell (Bridgton)—belts and sandals

BASKETRY

Tammy Zeh (New Vineyard)—brown ash baskets
Joe Ferrigno and
Eric Schottin (Standish)—birch baskets, wreaths

DECORATIVE ACCESSORIES

Nancy Lovell (Stow)—stencilled floorcloths
Karen Gwozdz (Sweden)—Bavarian painted objects
Christina Scangas (East Stoneham)—salt dough
ornaments

Gunilla Asplund (Exeter, R.I.)—country wood craft
Oscar Byron (Center Lovell)—bola ties
Roger H. Blood (South Portland)—nature sculpture

DEMONSTRATIONS

Ruth Wight (Bolsters Mills)—oriental rug knotting
Pat Peabody (No. Bridgton)—oriental rug making
punch method

Viola Hazelton (Harrison)—quilting
Robert Webster (Ellsworth)—pipe carving

Folk Tales

Walter Lord A Wonderful Century

On November 26th, 1882 in the small town of Albany, Maine, a tiny baby son was born to John F. and Lydia Whitehouse Lord.

While he was still a small boy, his parents moved to the Albany Basins where they ran a hunting and fishing lodge. It's no wonder Walter has always had a great love for these two sports.

His parents also held Saturday night dances. Walter took dancing lessons and later taught the younger set, who came with their parents, how to do The Boston Fancy, Lady of the Lake, Schottische and many others including the Polka.

Walter attended local schools when he didn't have to help his father with chores. He rode his bike to and from school, some five miles away, when the weather permitted; other times he went with his two sisters and older brother in the horse-drawn buggy.

When he grew older, he naturally had an eye for the pretty girls. At age 19, Walter met, courted and married Fay Bickford of East Stoneham. Seven children were born of this marriage. Myron, the eldest, died at the age of 39. The others are Gwendolyn, Josephine, Kathleen, Walter Lee, Stanley and baby Faye, born when her mother died in childbirth at the age of 31 years.

Walter & his oxen in North Waterford



Dancing at Norway Nursing Home

There are now 25 five generation groups on Walter's family tree.

Walter was a farmer by trade, but he also had a love for dickering or trading. He got into the cattle business and became a meat butcher, running a peddler cart with meat, butter, milk and cream throughout the nearby towns and as far away as Gilead for many years. He was also a substitute mail carrier in North Waterford, Albany and Stoneham for some 25 years.

After he lost his first wife Fay, he married the former Eva Upton of North Norway. No children were born of this marriage, but she was a wonderful stepmother to Walter's children all through the years until she passed away.

Walter was a registered Maine and New Hampshire Guide. He boarded hunters from New Jersey, Connecticut, Vermont, Indiana, Illinois and New York. Many of them came back each year to visit Walter after he got so he couldn't hunt anymore; this past fall, three came up from Connecticut just to see "Pod" (as Walter is called by his family and friends).

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He continued his love for dancing all through the years, attending Lakeland in Windham, Odd Fellows Hall in Auburn, and never missing a dance at the World's Fair in North Waterford. He tried dancing as recently as two years ago on his 98th birthday.

Walter had a car from 1912 on, holding a driver's license up until he was 92 and never having an accident.

His granddaughter, Arlene Bean of West Bethel, made an open book birthday cake for Walter's 100th birthday, which was decorated to represent different phases of his life. Included were a hunter with a deer, a fisherman, cattle and a couple dancing on top. Arlene was present with one of her five generation groups including Walter, Josephine, Arlene, daughter Mary Brown and her son Nathan. The McDonald's Restaurant of Farmington attended the gathering and also furnished two cakes and ice cream for all those at Pomeroy Hill Nursing Home where Walter is a resident.

Walter is still "quite a guy," and enjoys his family and the many cards and gifts he receives.

*Josephine Sanderson
North Waterford*

An Excuse For Idleness

*I build a fire in the fireplace
Then watch, almost in a trance
As the waking flames spring upward
And begin to flutter and dance.*

*Held still in a fascination,
Thoughts languidly drift by;
I'm enwrapped in satisfaction,
And I've finally reasoned why.*

*Some instinct must have arisen
When this life first began
That the hearth was fundamental
To the primal needs of man.*

*Fire signified survival—
Defense through threatening night;
It even imparted comfort—
Warmth—security—light.*

*No wonder we still are tempted
Whenever the firelight glows
To dally all day in enjoyment—
To relax and dream and doze.*

Doris Thurston



Doris Thurston A Few Pleasant Things In North Norway

It's just the sort of cabin one always imagines—a little log house peeking out from under fir branches and birch arches; nestled into a hillside, surrounded by bluebirds and chickadees. It's the kind of fieldstone-chimneyed house that Maine dreams live in, but it is no dream. It was built in 1950 for Harold and Doris Thurston of North Norway.

Thirty-three years later, they live there still, a fire on the hearth, a dog at their side. Doris Thurston writes there. A native Maine poet, she writes surrounded by plants, books, and comfortable brown chairs. She writes about her childhood, growing up with three sisters on a farm in Harrison; she writes about the beauties of nature she sees outside her log door every day.

Doris Davis Thurston never went to school beyond Paris High School. But she goes back to her earlier education to credit her love of words.

"You really learned to read in those days," she says. "Miss Proctor was a crackerjack of a teacher. When you got out of her third grade class, you could read, let me tell you! She used pronouncing cards and drilled us all together until there wasn't a word we couldn't sound out."

She worries about today's youngsters. She thinks working with computers leaves their minds "unexercised," and too many children no longer find the enjoyment in books that she remembers.

Today she calls herself a "hopeless bookworm. When I'm reading, I don't know if it's Sunday or Tuesday." Doris Thurston believes her life "in slow motion" is the reason she stopped working outside the home.

She moved in her career from the packing room to the office of the old Norway Shoe Co.; then spent 13 years in book-keeping at Norway National Bank. "But I never liked figures," she says, "so I quit. I was very accurate, but not quick." Perhaps it's because she skipped second grade and was too shy to ask questions about the arithmetic she missed.

Her memory for the past is "awful good," she says. She remembers the year she was 13 and her parents had to sell their farm and move to South Portland to work in the shipyard. The shy young girl "wasn't any good to anybody," she was so homesick for the country. She recalls that she would have become a forest ranger, if a woman could have done that.

"I'd have been a good hermit," she asserts. "I love the big woods, the spruce tops against the sky. It overwhelms me. I don't care for the coast . . ."

My Neighbor As Myself

*It reaches far—the clean and quiet peace—
From up behind my cabin, where the dark spruce
tips*

*In pointed patterns sharply cut the sky,
Down to the fields where the valley dips
To form a resting-place for sun or snow,
And up the facing sweep of fir and pine
To towering height. And though I treasure this
I have no right to call it wholly mine.
Yet when a distant little curl of smoke
Led my eye to a cabin like my own
I felt a sadness. I just couldn't share
This precious beauty with someone unknown.
But then I stood and gazed with loving thought
As day, now done, was softening into night,
And there against the darkening evergreens
I caught the twinkle of your unassuming light—
A gentle light that seemed to have no urge
To break the calm. It might have been a star,
Dropped from above and settled by your side,
Whose light, though very small, could reach afar.
It brought me lovingkindness, telling me*

*You knew the joy of mountain, sky and air—
That you would love them as do I myself—
And I was able graciously to share.*
—from "A Few Pleasant Things"

Instead of becoming hermits in the north woods, she and her husband Harold had their log house built in Norway by an old-timer from Bethel. Doris and a helper would cut the lengths he needed from 96 spruce logs piled in their field. Whole thirty-four-foot logs make up the front of the hand-notched building. Doris helped wield a "cute little 2-man saw," cant-dogs to hitch the logs around—and oakum



IN THE DARK about prescriptions?

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chinking and asphalt roofing cement to seal up the outside. All the foliage which shelters it today, she and her husband planted there. She's justifiably proud of helping to build the place where she gardens and writes and daydreams today.

"Hal's a non-stop talker," Mrs. Thurston chuckles about Mr. Thurston, "and sometimes I just turn him off in my head without noticing." At the black slate sink washing dishes, she hears rhymes in her mind. She loves limericks—and once won \$100.00 in a *Boston Post* limerick contest. But usually the rhymes stay in her head until she is seized by a particular inspiration and "can't wait to tell someone." Then she writes them down.

Doris Thurston has published a number of her own books of poetry: "We Ate Molasses Cookies for Walrus Meat," "A Bird in The Hand," "Beloved Brick House," and "A Few Pleasant Things." Some local stores carry her books, but Doris finds the market for good traditional writing to be scarce.

That all seems rather too bad. Mrs. Thurston's poetry is more than just pleasant memories. It is an invaluable look at life in Maine and good rhymes which teachers could use to inspire young readers.

Why does she write poetry when her favorite reading material is Maine humor by John Gould and Bill Clark, or the animal tales of James Herriot? For Doris Thurston, rhyme is just her "natural way of thinking."

It's an enthusiastic rhythm she lives by, whether seated at her fireside, or climbing Mt. Washington. She lives in slacks and shirts. Her sensitive hands fly out to express what she speaks. In a chair, Doris can't quite sit still—she alternately leans forward to laugh, or curls back, her legs thrown up over the arms of the chair. There is a little girl still within the woman writer with the short gray hair. The peace of living life as she always wanted alternates with her innate desire for more adventure.

"There's a place I've read about," she says, and her eyes twinkle with imagination, "somewhere in the real wilderness, maybe on Mt. Katahdin, where no person has ever stood before. I'd like to find that spot."

Nancy Marcotte

An Otisfield researcher explains how planning ahead can cut emotional as well as financial costs of death and burial.

This Saturday afternoon is not a convenient time to die.

From a survivor's point of view, that is, this is not a good time to die. Forgive me. I do not mean to be flippant.

You see, as a couple my husband and I agree that the emphasis should be on the life of the deceased, not on the death that occurs. Monies and flowers are for the living, not the dead; so we opt for

factual rather than a fictional death had occurred, the investigation would have been handled as quickly as more pressing duties would permit.

As expected the return call confirmed that authorization from the family was the single requirement necessary to pick up a body and handle the disposition.

Such handling means substantial savings in death expenses—expenses that will probably vary with the seasons. Maine law requires that a body be retained for at least 48 hours after death; Maine climate dictates, at times, a longer

CUT THE HIGH COSTS OF DYING

by Fern Tudor Wells

saving money in the disposition of our bodies.

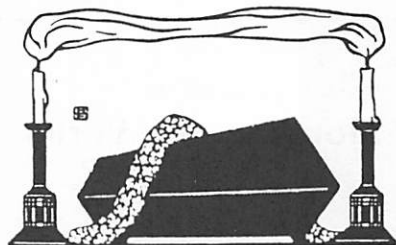
But if I died today there'd be some problems for my surviving spouse. More so, if plans were not previously made.

First, if I drew my last breath at our Otisfield home, there'd be a long wait in store for my husband. After he'd called the sheriff, they'd have to call for a medical examiner before my body could be moved. And some afternoons a medical examiner would be hard to come by. There are three at the local hospital. Today, one is off for the week; one for the weekend; one does not answer his phone when I call. The sheriff's call to Augusta (289-2993) for an examiner will mean waiting longer.

On the other hand, if I stopped breathing at the hospital, friend spouse could still have to wait long after the doctor arrived. Further, should my survivor wish to personally handle arrangements, he'd probably have to wait even longer until the person in charge found out what requirements must be met for this unusual circumstance.

"Yes, you read me right . . . Can I pick up a body? Can I handle disposition?" The professional in charge of the hospital this particular Saturday afternoon was a bit taken aback by my inquiry and asked, "Are you kidding?"

When assured that I was dead (forgive me) serious, the gracious supervisor agreed to investigate and return my call on Monday if possible. Of course, if a



Whatever the preference or circumstance, disposition of a dead human body may be less costly in trauma as well as finances—whether attended or nonattended, at home or in an institution—when arrangements have been previously set.

period of time. Transferring and holding a body can mean substantially increased costs.

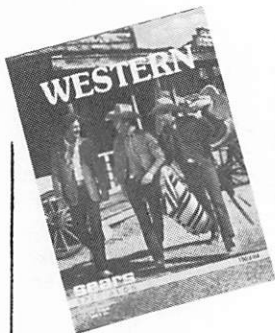
The soul is not anchored to a tombstone or a tiny plot of ground. Let us seek the way to honor our dead, not because they died, but because they lived.

Think a moment. Do you know on whom you would call first? Your family? The clergy? A friend? Then what would you do?

Far better to plan ahead.

One plan is offered by a national association with an associate society in Portland, Maine. (Their telephone number is 207-773-5747.)

The Memorial Society of Maine belongs to the Continental Association of Funeral and Memorial Societies. Their mailing address is 425 Congress Street,



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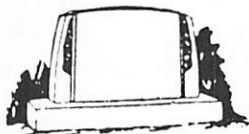
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The association is a "federation of nonprofit, nonsectarian, consumer organizations . . . providing information and working to protect every citizen's right to freedom of choice in making funeral arrangements."

Most of the more than 175 member societies in the association were organized by church congregations or consumer cooperatives. In fact, the association was started by a small church group in Seattle, Washington, in 1939.

Societies bent on meeting a common need, with "nearly a million members affirming their preference for simple, yet dignified funerals at a fair price" are now found in Canada as well as this country.

"The societies are not in the business of undertaking. They arrange with funeral directors in the community to provide members with a wide range of services at a reasonable cost."

According to a Continental Association brochure entitled, *Last Rights . . . an alternate way*, membership in a funeral or memorial society "makes it possible for you to spare family and friends the need to make difficult decisions during a time of intense emotional stress. And it frees them from any sense of guilt in carrying out your wishes, even though they may be contrary to their own."

"Membership in a society makes it possible for you to choose in advance a funeral that will be consistent with your religious beliefs and philosophy of life."

"Membership in a society allows you to select an economically appropriate funeral. *Intelligent consumption rather than conspicuous consumption is the goal.*"

Such membership also makes it easier for those who prefer that contributions be made to scholarship funds and other worthy causes; and easier for those who opt to serve in death through the gifts of organs and tissues to the living.

The societies make it possible for members to select a funeral with "emphasis on the life of the deceased instead of the death that has occurred, with a memorial service or mass following burial or cremation."

"The 1981 average price of funeral and burial in the United States is nearly \$3,000. Most memorial society members pay less than \$1,000 for a funeral; and under \$500 for cremation or an immediate burial. They can also arrange donation of a body to a medical school; the cost is usually less than \$100."

Since the purchase of a funeral is one of the costliest purchases most people must ever make, membership in a society appears well worth the small lifetime fee: under \$25 for an individual.

Although the Maine Memorial Society reportedly "has not been able to work out a package with any funeral director in the state of Maine," there seems to be no dearth of success stories in other states.

Membership is open to all and may be transferred should the member move to another of the 200 associated societies' areas in the United States or Canada. Further, in the event of death away from home, the nearest society will help.

More information is available from the local Portland society, or by writing The Continental Association, 1828 L St. N.W., Washington, DC 20036. The Memorial Society Association of Canada is at Box 96, Station A, Weston, Ontario M9N 3M6.

Associations will assist in forming a society. If there is none nearby and you would like to start one with their assistance, an organizational handbook is offered at \$3.50 postpaid.

The associations screen their member societies to make sure all are *bona fide* cooperative, democratic, nonprofit, nonsectarian, nondiscriminatory, and committed to freedom of choice in funeral arrangements. Only societies meeting these criteria may join. Not all organizations calling themselves "societies" meet these criteria.

"The associations serve as a voice at the national level, testifying at regulatory and legislative hearings. They work with the media and cooperate with other concerned groups in developing education programs."

Mrs. Wells is a former medical journalist and researcher. She and her husband live in Otisfield. The above quote is from Walter J. Hickel,

U.S. Secretary of the Interior, 1969-70, Reader's Digest, March 1974.

Next Month: Doing Your Own Probate in Maine

Medicine For The Hills by Dr. Michael Lacombe

THE RISKS OF LIFE

What follows is a thought-provoking chart showing the cost in life expectancy in days of certain habits or endeavors and, conversely, the increase in life expectancy in days produced by four common preventative measures. The list is quite interesting when we consider man's preoccupation with health hazards which are imposed upon him, for example, nuclear accidents and artificial sweeteners, comparing these attitudes to those of voluntary self-abuse, i.e. cigarette smoking and obesity.

Cause	Cost in Life Expectancy
Unmarried male	3,500 days
Male cigarette smoking	2,250 days
Heart disease	2,100 days
30% overweight	1,300 days
Coal miner	1,100 days
Serving in Army in Viet Nam	400 days
Motor vehicle accidents	207 days
Average alcohol intake	130 days
Home accidents	95 days
Drinking coffee	6 days
Oral contraceptives	5 days
Diet drinks	2 days
Nuclear accidents	2 days

Cause	Increase in Life Expectancy
Pap smear	4 days
Driving with an air bag	50 days
Mobile coronary care units	125 days
All safety improvements from 1966-77	110 days

This list is derived from a life insurance actuarial table on life expectancy and insurability.

Dr. Lacombe is a member of Oxford Hills Internal Medicine Group, Norway, and practices at Stephens Memorial Hospital.



by George Moneyhun

Moving the Best of the

If Cotton Lincoln could walk out on his big front porch at the lower end of Main Street and look around at the changes taking place this summer in Cornish Village, you can be sure he'd be wearing a big grin.

For one thing, old "Cot," as everyone called him with affection, would feel right at home. He would recognize many of the fine examples of 19th century architecture he built in the early 1820's. And what's more, he'd see fresh paint on many of them. He'd see new shops opening. And he'd likely nod understandingly at the enthusiasm of young entrepreneurs nailing up their first signs and dusting off showcases stock-full of sparkling merchandise.

"Cot" was not the first to settle in Cornish. That distinction went to John Durgin and James Holmes in 1774. But when Cotton Lincoln arrived in 1817 and shortly thereafter built his first store, Cornish was still little more than a wide spot in the road. In fact, most settlers had their

homes scattered along the top of the hill on High Road.

Cot was a good-natured fellow and well liked. He was tall, lanky, and a bit awkward. But if nothing else, Cot was a man of vision. He could see commercial potential in this valley where the Saco and Ossipee Rivers ran together. This was also the juncture of two well-travelled Indian trails, the Ossipee and the Pequawket. His instinct must have told him that soon stage coaches would come rumbling down those trails bringing travelers and commerce with them. So it was here that he built his home and, across the street, his first store.

Both are still standing, and one cannot doubt that Cot would be pleased that they are part of the current economic revival in the village. His home is now The Cornish Country Inn (for many years, the Lincoln Hotel) and his store, now the Cornish Hardware Company, is believed to be one of the oldest such stores still in operation.

Moreover, Cot would recognize the house next door which he built for his father and the one up the street he constructed for his sister, Thankful. But what Cot would find missing this summer is his carding mill for wool, the shingle mill, the saw mill, and the grist mill he also built.

It soon became apparent to the settlers up the hill that old Cot had started something—the valley was where the action was. And so between 1850 and 1860 a remarkable shift occurred. The entire town literally moved from High Road to the valley. Homes were placed on "shoes" (monstrous logs) and pulled by oxen over snow-covered ground to their present site.

To move the huge Congregational Church, which now sits at the foot of the

The Cornish Country Inn



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Past Into the Future

A Cornish Revival

hill, required 116 yokes of heavy oxen (56 yokes in a stream). It took the farmers, using heavy mill chains, from 9 a.m. to sundown to complete the downhill trek.

Cornish continued to thrive until the turn of the century. The village proved a popular stopover place for travelers by coach. Summer boarders from New York and Massachusetts flocked to its inns and boarding houses. In 1874, for instance, "summer boarders" were so plentiful many had to be turned away. Clothing manufacturers also flourished.

Mrs. Leola Ellis, who for 42 of her 88 years taught school, is the town's unofficial historian. She lives in a comfortable hilltop home overlooking the village. With the help of her sister, Kera Millard, she has compiled two books on early Cornish. From her own childhood Mrs. Ellis recalls with obvious delight an "air of progress" in the village as recently as 1910. But she also recalls her father, a blacksmith, complaining that many of the business leaders at that time conspired to keep new businesses out of Cornish. "These men, all leading citizens, were making money and didn't want the competition," explains Mrs. Ellis.

This, she speculates, may have been one of many factors that led to stagnation and the long and gradual business decline that appeared to bottom out in the 1970's, when Census figures indicate the population had dwindled from some 1,200 to 839.

Among other factors which apparently contributed to the downturn: Many of those early business leaders did not leave families to carry on their businesses, and the advent of the automobile made it easier for residents to travel to Portland and other cities to spend their money. According to some residents, the final blow was the construction of a small shopping cen-

ter on the edge of town, which led to the closing of the old village drugstore.

The village today bears the scars of those hard years; there are still a couple of empty storefronts and unpainted buildings waiting to be reclaimed. But the signs of revival are unmistakable and the mood of the village this summer is definitely upbeat.

"Cornish is coming back," agrees Chris Birchfield, known hereabouts as "The Bag Lady" in tribute to the international canvas bag business she started nine years ago—all alone with one sewing machine. Today she employs more than 70 women, and her canvas bags are sold in specialty shops and stores across the U.S. and abroad.

"We're doing well," says Mrs. Birchfield, who attributes much of her success to the "quality of people—working people—in and around Cornish." The self-made businesswoman sees hard work and sewing as indigenous to a rural area and surmises she might have had more problems



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in an urban center. "It's a rural wife's second nature to sew," she points out.

Banker Dick Winkler in neighboring Kezar Falls also sees "good labor, reasonably priced" as a strong asset here. An indication of the potential he sees in Cornish was his decision recently to purchase and begin reconstruction of Cornish Village's old firebarn and jail (originally built as a blacksmith shop in 1856). Mr. Winkler plans to rent the small building on Little River as office or shop space.

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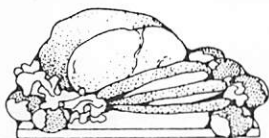
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At the other end of the village, the old Cornish Inn already has undergone a complete facelift. Now calling it The Carriage Inn, Col. T.J. and Suzy Owens have spared neither hard work nor money in converting the former boarding house into an elegant eating establishment. With two other fine restaurants and a couple of smaller ones drawing visitors to Cornish, some residents now refer good naturedly to Main Street as "restaurant row."

Also recently opened along Main Street are new gift and specialty shops boasting names such as The Country Hearth and Thimble, The Rose Cottage, The Canvas Outlet, Individual Expressions, and Cornish Antiques.

But perhaps the clearest signal of the town's determination to preserve its heritage is the volunteer effort led by Mrs. Allaire Palmer to paint and restore the old Odd Fellows Hall, an ornamental landmark whose tower bell rang for years over Cornish. Mrs. Palmer has lined up 18 volunteers to paint the old structure, and townsfolk have pledged or paid for some 60 gallons of paint.

Adding impetus to the project, the state Historic Preservation Commission recently placed the Odd Fellows Hall on the Maine Historic Resources Inventory and has cleared the way for the town-owned building to be nominated in October to the National Register of Historic Places. The restored hall will be available for a variety of town functions.

So, if Cotton Lincoln were to scan Main Street from his front porch this summer, he'd see encouraging changes. Of course, he'd also see that some things haven't changed. He might see young Cliff Whitney goading his yoked oxen up the High Road to pasture. He might glimpse one of Norman Watson's pigs meandering across the village green with a couple of youngsters in hot pursuit. Occasionally a horse and sulky will clatter by, or a colorful peacock from a neighboring farm will poke its head around the corner.

Some things may never change in Cornish, and for those who live here—even us relative newcomers—that's just fine by us. Old "Cot" would understand.

George Moneyhun is an innkeeper and author who lives with his wife and two children in Cotton Lincoln's house.

Before The Dawn: An Indian History

PART I: INDIAN CELLAR ON THE SACO HOLLIS

In 1948, when Skelton Dam was built, the Saco River rose 75 ft. and flooded this famous gorge.

About one half mile above Union Falls on the Hollis side of the Saco River used to be a spectacular view of waterfalls and an unusual gorge. I love to recall the days when Salmon Falls, Maine was visited by townspeople and tourists from miles around for its famous gorge, thundering falls, and a fascinating place called Indian Cellar.

History tells us that the Sokokis Indians inhabited this area many years ago. They could easily hide their canoes in Indian Cellar—a natural picturesque ravine that had very deep sides. Indian artifacts which Indians hid there were dug up years later. In the Saco River, eel pots were seen as kettle holes made by whirling pebbles and used by the Indians as mortar holes for grinding corn. The Indians found the natural shelves carved by nature were just right for storing their supplies—thus, Indian Cellar. Salmon Falls was named from the fact that the Indians used to stand on a prominent rock, known as Salmon Rock, and spear salmon as they were swept towards them.

It is not difficult to see how the name originated for these awe-inspiring falls and why the quaint and charming village bears the name of Salmon Falls today. In this beautiful spot, the distinguished row of old white houses still line the street on either side as they did so many years ago. Among the lovely homes is Quillcote, former home of the author, Kate Douglas Wiggin. (See *BitterSweet*, August, 1982.)

Located only two miles from Salmon Falls was our home in Hollis. Our father, the late George E. Jack was Superintendent of Schools at that time, and spun many a story to us about the years the Indians lived there. It used to be an ideal picnic area and my mother would enjoy the picnic lunch with us but would stay nearby and keep an eye on us girls jump-

ing over the rocks until we disappeared. This lovely river continued to hold its attraction for us through the years, as we used to picnic with Colby College friends just to hear the roar of the rapids and the excitement of finding a place called Indian Cellar. Little did we dream that it would be lost forever then.

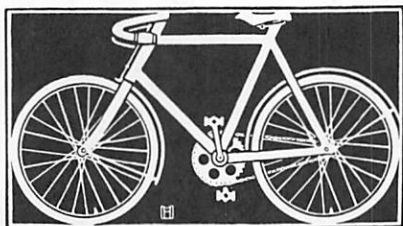
Known as the "Jack Sisters," we were often in this vicinity, watching those beautiful falls and seeing the unusual gorge, and finally Indian Cellar, all located in our small country town. The tumbling rapids of water were ours to view as we skipped along the pathway, and the long winding steps someone had placed there which went up and then downwards, leading us into more difficult walking. Along the edge of the rocks, we could feel the water hitting our faces, and the pathway became muddy and slippery.

Listening for my sister's voice, I could hear it very faintly because of the thundering roar of the waters on the gigantic



SKY DAY

We walk right up through the air
playing leap frog cloud to cloud.
We sunbathe on the stratus
lunch in cumulus castle,
hop scotch across the nimbus.
We climb one sun ray w-a-a-y up,
slide down into a warm spot
where we nap, air mattress bound.
Awake, we play with sunset colors,
gathering golden coins,
singing with streaks of red.
Welcoming stars, we draw faces -
some funny, some sad, on each
twinkling white light.
We exercise Ursa Bear,
cowboys riding fast, thirsty.
We drink long in Milky Way
with Little Dipper's help,
and we splash some to earth, clap!
sharing our lively rocket show.
Earth is a place we'll glide to
by and by.



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*JoAnne Zywna Kerr
Weld*

Watch for
Young People's Writing
Winners in September

rocks. The pathway became almost non-existent at that point, but we had to go on as our treasure lay ahead of us—Indian Cellar, in all of its hidden glory. Pressing on cautiously, my sister and I looked in amazement at these falls tumbling and crashing on every size and shape of rock. All you could hear was the sound of the Saco River on the rampage - an awesome sight to behold.

Suddenly, with a shout of great joy, we both seemed to call out: "There it is! Indian Cellar!" Even though camouflaged by nature's own crafty ways, with trees and branches covering the whole area, the secret place of legend and lore was found. My sister and I let our imaginations have control and there before our eyes were the dark-faced Indians. We heard the war whoop they gave as they spotted us trekking into their secret hiding place. Not wanting to lose our scalps or worse still our lives, my sister and I remained hidden. The cargoes were all loaded by the Indians, and daring to look back once more, my sister and I "saw" birch-white canoes flashing in the sunset headed right into those falls and rapids. The Indians gave one final war whoop and disappeared before our eyes.

Was it real or imaginary? My sister and I will never know, for we escaped an almost certain fate. Each time we left the scene which was to be more than just a childhood memory, we knew we could go back again to find Indian Cellar.

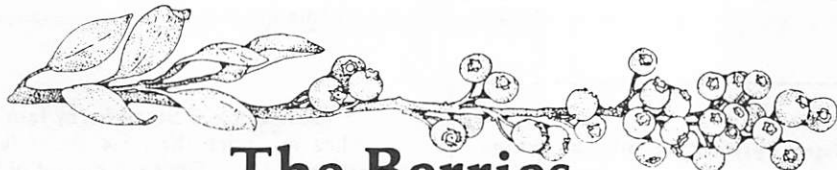
In the interest of progress, when the Skelton Dam¹ was built in 1947-1948 at Union Falls, the entire area was flooded and the Saco River was raised over 75 ft. The famous rocky gorge and legendary Indian Cellar were lost forever. But as far as the Jack sisters are concerned, there will always be an Indian Cellar!

*Marguerite Robinson
Cumberland Center*

FOOTNOTE:

I was recently told that the waters from Skelton Dam were once stopped for two hours and people came from everywhere as the public was allowed once again to see the rocky gorge and the famous Indian Cellar in all its majestic splendor as it used to be.

Next month:
Hunting Indian Artifacts in Fryeburg



The Berries

There's nothing quite like the sun-ripened Maine fruit to sweeten the taste-buds. In early summer, you drive the back roads and walk the fields and woods, searching for the flowering bushes to tell you where to look later on. And in late summer, you enjoy the picking and the eating!

Blackberries

High-bush blackberries and the trailing, low version both flower from late May to early June. Their flowers are large and white; their leaflets are sharp and toothed, with short hairs underneath. Found where it's dry and sunny—along roadsides and sunny banks especially—blackberries ripen in July and August. They're good in cobblers, jams, and pies.

Blackberry Cordial

- 4 cups blackberry juice
- 1 1/2 c. sugar
- 1/2 stick cinnamon
- 2 Tb. whole cloves
- scant Tb. whole allspice

Make blackberry juice by crushing & simmering berries without added water until the berries are soft. Strain through a cheesecloth without squeezing. For each qt. of juice, add 1 Tb. lemon juice and 1/4-1/2 c. sugar (depending on sweetness you want).

Tie spices in cheesecloth and add to juice and sugar and bring to a boil. Simmer about 15 min., remove spice bag and allow juice to cool. Add a pint of unflavored brandy and pour into sterilized jars leaving no headroom. Seal tightly. Do not use ground spices, as the flavor intensifies as the cordial cools. Makes lovely presents.

Raspberries

Raspberries grow in clearings or old, rocky, dry fields. Loose clusters of white flowers appear in June or July and the red conical fruit ripens on the tall, prickly stalks from July to September. The leaves are oval and notched; the fruit is excellent in pie, jam, or jelly.

Berry Soup

- 1 qt. berries (strawberries or raspberries), mashed
- 1/2 c. cold water
- 1/2 c. orange juice
- 1/2 c. sugar or 1/4 c. honey
- pinch of ground cardamon
- 2 c. plain yogurt



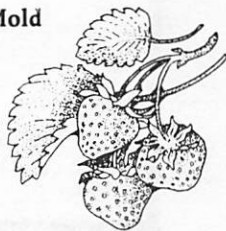
Blend berries and water in a blender or with mixer. Stir in orange juice and sweetener and mix until blended. Add cardamon and yogurt until blended. Chill. This Scandinavian-style soup is a great cool meal for hot weather.

Strawberries

Growing in sunny, grassy fields and thickets or along roadsides, the wild or wood strawberry blossoms until the end of June—only a few flowers with five white clustered oval petals. They will often be gone by the end of July. Best eaten fresh or with shortcake and whipped cream, strawberries will also taste delicious in jams or on other desserts. If you add 1 c. sugar to a qt. of berries in the refrigerator, they will make their own juice.

Strawberry Cheese Mold (salad or dessert)

- 1 pint strawberries
- 3/4 c. sugar
- 2 envelopes unflavored gelatin
- 1/2 c. cold water
- 2 tsp. grated lime rind
- 3 Tb. lime juice
- 1/2 c. milk
- 1 carton (16 oz.) cottage cheese, cream style
- 1 pkg. (8 oz.) cream cheese, softened
- 3 egg whites



Crush strawberries in a large bowl, add half the sugar and let set a half-hour. Sprinkle gelatin over cold water in a small saucepan, let set 5 min. to soften, then heat, stirring constantly until gelatin is dissolved. Stir in lime rind & juice and add to crushed strawberries.

Blend milk and cottage cheese until smooth. Add cream cheese and blend until smooth. Add to strawberry mixture again and stir. Chill, stirring often until mixture will mound. Beat egg whites until foamy, gradually beating in remaining sugar, until meringue stands in soft peaks. Fold into cheese mixture. Pour into 8-cup mold or muffin tins. Chill until firm.

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BEEF, PORK, VEAL, LAMB, DEER

Sun-Cooked Strawberry Jam

Slice no more than 3-4 qts. of just-ripe berries at a time. For each pound of fruit, add $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. sugar. Stir to coat berries with sugar and produce juice. Pour into a large kettle, bring to a full boil and boil for exactly three min. Pour immediately onto glass, enamel, or pottery drying surface (such as large platters). Cover with panes of glass, turned over as they steam up. Stir occasionally—jam is done when it makes ridges. Bottle as usual. (Takes about a day and a half and the flavor is incredible.)

Blueberries

Wild blueberries grow on low bushes, usually from 6-12" high. They have smooth stems and pointed oval leaves (the only berry in this group not related to the rose family). White pink bells are the blueberry flower throughout June. They can be found in rocky or sandy areas—especially along sunny roadsides, power lines, or in burned-over wooded areas where they are not shaded. In July and August, the ripened light blue fruit is smaller than the cultivated variety and much tastier in baking for muffins, pies, or cakes. You can dry blueberries, can them, or freeze them as you can all the other berries.

Blueberry Buckle

$\frac{1}{2}$ c. shortening
 $\frac{1}{2}$ c. sugar
1 egg, beaten
2 cups sifted all-purpose flour
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt
 $2\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. baking powder
 $\frac{1}{2}$ c. milk

Cream shortening and sugar, add the beaten egg and mix well. Mix and sift flour, salt, and baking powder together, and add to the creamed mixture alternately with milk. Spread this dough in a greased 8-inch square pan. Spread $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups fresh or frozen blueberries over this dough. Mix and sift together $\frac{1}{2}$ c. sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. flour, $\frac{3}{4}$ tsp. cinnamon, and cut into it with $\frac{1}{3}$ c. butter or oleo. Spread this over the top of the blueberries. Bake 1-1 $\frac{1}{2}$ hrs. at 375°F. Serve warm as coffee cake or dessert.

Recipes from Maine Savings Bank "Berry Book" and the Maine Dept. of Agriculture.

Potpourri

by Margaret Harriman



August

The days are long and the hours are hard for the gardener. The weeding seems endless and my hoe handle has blisters from constant use. The patches on my jeans have worn through from kneeling and I often wonder what's wrong with me—to have loved this kind of work all my life. But now, the Swiss Chard is in the kettle, little baby beets are brightening my pantry shelves. String beans need to be picked and I remember how lovely they taste in February. I guess all of this is why I like my vegetable garden. It's *really* my stomach (not to mention my taste buds) that like the farmer in me. My eyes and my nose appreciate my labors in the flower garden—how satisfying it is to know that you did this yourself; and so good for the disposition to hoe and weed. I take my frustrations to the garden spot, talk awhile to the Master Gardener and come in with dirty hands and a clean soul.

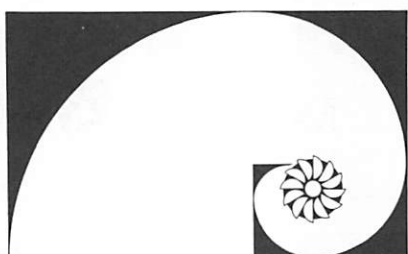
Save the seed-pods from Annual flowers for next year's planting. Dry them well and keep in clean jars or tins in a dark and dry place. Sow seeds of perennials as soon as they ripen for new little plants to either be re-planted next spring or left in your perennial border. Keep delphinium, snap-dragons, zinnias, pansies, pinks and sweet peas picked, for extra blooming.

Use bone-meal wherever plants look a little tired, also before sowing grass seed in bare brown spots.

Transplant oriental poppies and divide Iris this month. It's also time to set out madonna lilies and strawberry plants. Sow seeds of pansies very early in August for next year's plants. Sow forget-me-nots now also.

Keep your lawn mower blades up about 2 inches to protect your lawn from the blazing sun.

When watering, be sure the ground is thoroughly soaked and not just surface wet. Let the hose run slow and steady for an hour or two before moving to a new



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spot. Take cuttings from coleus, impatiens, and geraniums for rooting new house plants to brighten the coming winter days.

Dry flower enthusiasts, August is a busy one as so many of the wild flowers are ready for drying. Pick pearly-everlasting, sweet ever-lasting, Golden rod, Queen Anne's lace, Joe Pye weed, yarrow, sand knotweed, dusty miller, tawny Cotton Grass and cat o' nine tails. Sea lavender is ready also, but please pick sparingly as it is an endangered species. All others are abundant, but cut, don't pull, any of them. Spray or dip cat o' nine tails in shellac and let dry. Hang all the rest in small bunches upside down in a dark, dry, airy place. Delphinium and loose strife dry well and keep their color as well as the more familiar straw flowers and statice. Experiment with others—that's the way I learned and surely I have missed many along the way.

August is Acton Fair Month. Please come and if time permits, stop in and visit us at the flower-barn. Bring your plants and arrangements for display. We have many new categories along with old favorites this year and you can look forward to a lovely show.

... Page 5 Happiness

never quite synchronized with mine, but it didn't seem to affect the delight I felt as I trailed after him to fish for trout from forbidden mountain streams or rowed the leaky boat in the rain on Mud Pond while he fished for pickerel.

I had children of my own the last time I blueberried with Gramp, but it was as though I were a child again, and I relished replaying the role.

Perhaps it's visions of blueberries dancing in my head: blueberry pies, cakes, muffins, and shortcakes; perhaps it's the virtuosity of harvesting and utilizing nature's yield; perhaps it's the peace, the solitude, and the stirring of the cool breeze; or perhaps it's memories of Gramp, I don't know. But I do know that happiness for me is picking blueberries in a field with the wind and the sun and the clouds, and—maybe—in there somewhere are visions of blueberry goodies gracing the dinner table and the ghost of Gramp, always looking for the biggest and bluest berries just beyond his reach.

I only met him twice: once when I was very young and once years later when I was almost through college. I don't think he ever told me the whole truth about anything. That was a big part of him. And I think he enjoyed not telling me the truth more when I was twenty or so than when I was a child, because it was more difficult then, and more daring, and it somehow ennobled him more—especially if you knew he was lying and he knew that you knew. That was a big part of him, too.

To start not really at the beginning, his name was Peter O'Casey and he was a tall, slender, dark-haired Irishman from Boston with a slight paunch that on him was vaguely attractive—the epitaph of the finest foods and wines in New England and later Chicago. He had a face both cherubic and vaguely haggard, like that of a handsome college freshman the morning after his first real drunk. He spoke in slow, distinct waves colored Irish and Boston and New England—and never Chicago, even after fifteen years of knowing that city's streets and bars and (for him) detestably sterile carpeted offices—and commanded a great vocabulary and rhetoric which took arms against artistic or philosophical mediocrity and lovingly, with aristocratic tenderness, embraced Joyce and Faulkner and Dostoevski. Especially Joyce.

I remember him settling back in his chair, his face still almost haggard and knowing, in the yellow glare of the table lamp, but now too impassioned.

"No. No," he said with the quiet, furious, and dapper finality with which he rejected alien notions or violations of his creed (he had not beliefs but creeds). "No. Not *Finnegan's Wake* yet. No. Not for years you shouldn't. No. Read *Portrait of the Artist* now. The other books are beyond and outside you now, and you haven't yet the mettle to bring to them."

My father watched Uncle Pete's eyes and spoke to him with the restrained and respectful bemusement which was his essential response to the man. "Well, hell, Pete, the boy's lusted and wept and relieved himself. What the hell else is there to bring to those books?"

And Uncle Pete looked at him with buried and quiet fury, still outraged, yet



A Quiet Room

Fiction by David M. Carew

implacable. "Is it merely *that*, David? Merely *that*?" he said, and the not-quite-haggard face asked the question over and over to my father's amused and respectfully unresponsive face.

The first time he came, when I was nine or ten, he showed me how to box. I didn't ask him to show me, and I wasn't even much interested in boxing at the time, but he came through the door (tall and haggard then even in his body, after a recent, second divorce) and he kissed my mother and shook my father's hand with a gaunt and jaded firmness that rose from somewhere within him. Yet all the time he was looking at me. Staring, really; with his dark, soft, strong Boston words of greeting and then his mouth forming to kiss his old friend, my mother. Yet watching me, as a cat watches sudden motion. He put his expensive overcoat over the back of a chair (the outside cold still clinging to it), and then he was stepping up to me squarely, his feet planted one solidly

ahead of the other, and lifted partially clenched fists.

"The secret is to watch the eyes—look directly into your opponent's eyes," he said. "See, watch my left hand and I kill you with the overhand right. Fake, bang," he pantomimed in slow, certain motion; the faked jab, the crushing right. He kept the cold, pantomiming fist close to my face for a moment longer than he needed to; a warning, a caution, I could feel the cold of the clenched fist across my closed eyes. He took the fist away abruptly.

"Peter," he said to me. He bowed slightly. "I am Peter O'Casey."

"Hi," I said.

"I hear you are an athlete," he said, still looking at me with dark and unsmiling appraisal.

"Yes, sir. Last summer I pitched in the town league and . . ."

"That, too, is in the eyes," he said, turning away with a sudden air of detachment and boredom.

"Helen," he said to my mother (she had gone into the next room to hang up his coat), "Do you and your fine husband own a coffee pot?"

My father grinned. "How have you been, Pete? Coffee coming right up. It's fresh."

"Ah," Uncle Pete said, still not looking at me as I stood with eyes and feet bolted to the floor after the whirlwind of his capricious interest and dismissal.

Through the evening and into the winter's night his sudden, studied fascination would return without seeming provocation.

"What are you reading, Peter?" he asked me. (We were watching a shoot-em-up on television and he hadn't spoken in half an hour.) I turned to him.

"*Tom Sawyer*, sir. We've been reading it in Reading Class."

"Ah," Uncle Pete said. He turned his eyes playfully towards the ceiling. "And have you a little Becky Thatcher?"

I blushed and grew quietly angry and humiliated, but I never could hate him because (I was soon to find) he always redeemed himself and threw things back into balance with easy deftness. This time he achieved the redemption the next morning.

He was going home, heading back to

Illinois after his pilgrimage home to New England. My mother and I drove him out to Highway 6, out to a lonely, wind-swept stretch of road where a cousin was to pick him up. He sat quietly in the front seat with my mother, waiting.

"This is Harold now, Helen," Uncle Pete said. His voice held a trace of weariness. My mother and Uncle Pete got out and walked back to where the other car had pulled in behind. They stood together, talking quietly, and I watched them through the back windshield, sensing that Uncle Pete would somehow strangely redeem himself to me, and wanting him to. He spoke to my mother with the low, confidential words and with the sincerity in his eyes that only the oldest friends, the dearest, ever earned from him. Then he took her in his arms and he kissed her near the mouth, lingering there, fixing himself, that image of him, forever in my mind. Years later, when I began dating, I could not embrace or kiss a girlfriend without that image in the back of my mind, could not forget the loving certitude, the dark and tragic and knowing respect with which he embraced a beloved woman.

Then for a decade or more we heard from him only in the most perfunctory ways. There would be the briefest note concerning his new (third) wife, a word about the new baby a year later, the hint of a new job and (six months or a year later) another new job. My mother occasionally spoke of him, of what she knew of his past, the little he had confided. His father, she told me, had been a prominent Boston lawyer, a man who worked and drank hard and without remission. He had married a society girl, a wealthy Beacon Hill Wasp whose parents despised O'Casey because he was bold, cock-sure, and intemperate; and hated him because he was Irish. The marriage had been stormy from the first: a pathetic melodrama of loud, drunken fights and angry, untenable reconciliations. Then the baby, Peter, came, and with it the notion so alien to both of them—responsibility and disinterested caring. They were divorced soon after.

Peter's father never recovered. Where before the bottle had been to him as a supporting wife, constant and compli-

mentary, it became now an all-too-seductive mistress. His law partners abided it as long as humanly possible, then no more. He was dismissed and he then proceeded, with the same unremitting devotion he had brought to law, to drink himself to death.

Peter was given to an aunt, who led him to believe that she was his mother. His mother, by the same token, posed as his aunt. When he finally, painfully, learned the truth (at seventeen), he wanted to visit his father's grave. His mother did not know where it was.

My mother told me all this, but she said something more, something late one night to my father when they thought I was asleep.

"He has a new wife," she said.

"Still searching for that one woman, I suppose," my father said, "who'll give him what the others could not."

"Who could have known it would be like this?" my mother said, softly. "All the girls adored him so—back then."

"Adored, not loved," my father said.

My mother was silent for a moment. "Do you know that I was the only one who wouldn't let him sleep with me? Back then. And I think he has been eternally grateful."

Besides my mother's recollections, those told and overheard, he existed for me in distant, enduring memory only, and that merely fragments, images; a sudden, inappropriate, and indelible boxing lesson, a mystic embrace. We all believed he was lost to us, consumed by day-to-day Chicago and a third wife and (now two) small children. We thought he must be getting on now, that perhaps an eternal dash, that perpetual and capricious dandyism, that romanticism forever dark and noble, had at last been conquered, if not vanquished, and he might be lost forever, and at peace.

So we were surprised when he came home that summer. Surprised and delighted and bewildered. It had been nearly twelve years. The phone rang late one night and my mother answered it, put the receiver to her ear and within the moment whispered, with an inflection approaching quiet awe, "Peter, Peter, where are you?"

He was at the home of his college roommate, outside of Boston. He had

time to see us the next night. My mother quickly drew a promise from him to stay the night.

When she hung up she came into the living room, still with that quiet excitement on her face and in her voice. "Peter O'Casey is coming tomorrow night," she said.

"Uncle Pete?" I said.

"Great," my father said. He put aside his magazine. "How is he, Helen? Is he still with Dorothy and the children?"

"He didn't say," she replied. "You know he'd never mention that sort of thing."

"Did he say anything at all? Why he's come home?" my father asked.

My mother shook her head. She looked at me then. "He asked if our Peter was still pitching."

"I don't think he ever told me the whole truth about anything. And I think he enjoyed not telling me the truth more when I was twenty or so than when I was a child, because it was more difficult then, and more daring, especially if you knew he was lying and he knew you knew."

His small, rented car came slowly into the driveway in the late summer's twilight. He sat in it for a moment after killing the engine, gathering himself, the quiet embers of torment and passion that had borne him home. Then he smiled and blew the horn twice, staccato. He got out of the car clutching a paper bag. My parents watched from the kitchen; I through the picture window. He was taller than I'd remembered; indeed, my memory of him, I discovered, was flawed in several respects. Or perhaps it was simply time. His face was more haggard than I'd remembered, of coarser and more shadowed lines. His eyes were darker and deeper, but less sure. He walked to the house with a slight limp and with a general uncertainty of motion that he bore sincerely, but which seemed wrong and out of place in him. But perhaps it was the heavy, clumsy paper bag he was carrying. My father opened the door to him.

"Pete, it's damn good to see you, man."

Uncle Pete stepped with tall, haggard

clumsiness into the kitchen. My father took the bag from him.

"Well, it's wonderful to be home," Uncle Pete said. He turned to my mother. "How are you, darling?" They embraced.

"Peter O'Casey," she said through her tears, "It's been so long. So long. We've missed you terribly."

"Here, here," my father said.

Uncle Pete looked up, his arms still about my mother. "Indeed, dear friends," he said quietly. Then his voice grew louder and more cheered. He said, "Well, hell, let's forget the histrionics. I've brought some magnificent wines. Boston's finest. Let's draw up a chair and get to." He went toward the paper bag on the counter.

"Would you care to eat first?" my mother asked. "I have a bird nearly ready."

I came into the kitchen then. "Hi, Uncle Pete." He whirled.

"By the grace of the Mother," he said under his breath. "How are you, my friend? I hear you're pitching for the University."

"Right," I said. He smiled but I did not. "What kind of control do you have?" he asked. "It's in the eyes, you know. Control." He didn't wait for an answer.

"Let's sit down and have a drink before Helen's dinner. Where are the wine glasses, darling?"

We took chairs in the living room and Uncle Pete poured the wine. Then he brought his in, with the half-empty bottle clenched in his left fist. He took an armchair and set the bottle beside him.

The bottle did not last long. He spoke almost desultorily, with capricious passion and strange, tender nostalgia. And he kept drinking, weaving a floating myriad of words punctuated, it seemed, not by pauses of sound by periodic, unremitting pourings from the quickly drying bottle.

"Writing?" he said. "Merely whoring, nowadays. The artist today accepts inevitable crucifixion. When I was a young man he might at least hope for a last-minute reprieve. There was a time when the magazines asked me for stories. I worked in that brothel for a time. Sad to say, I even lived for their praises. No more." That's when I asked him about Finnegan. "No. Not now."

Then he set the conversation off toward some new, increasingly difficult to divine destination. He kept drinking and soon the sound, the words themselves, began to stream as desultorily as the soliloquy.

". . . and the top, the topper, dear friends, was that this scoun, this scoundrel turned to me and said . . ."

"Peter," my mother said. Her voice graciously hid the extent of her exasperation. "Peter, the dinner is ready now"—(it had been ready now for forty-five minutes)—". . . Why don't we sit down to dinner and then we can resume, we can talk."

"Let me help you with things in the kitchen," he said. He stood up uncertainly. "You really must forgive . . ." He staggered forward, tilting forward and sideways in a motion sudden and speeded and totally alien to his previous physical lethargy. His right hand shot quickly, clumsily out to support him. It caught an end table, sending its small lamp dangerously close to the edge and scattering a deck of playing cards.

"Oh, dear, I . . ." He stooped to pick up the random, scattered cards.

He did not stop drinking after dinner. He remembered the cards and suggested a game of poker. After we cleared the table, Uncle Pete went out to the rented car and brought back another paper bag. It contained what the other had.

So he sat with the new bottle beside him and he dealt the cards. As he finished, he lay the last card on my pile and his eyes vaguely, then more sharply focused on me. He made a slow, admonishing gesture with his index finger. After a long, calculated moment he spoke. "Peter, this is not a gentle game, my friend. I am a killer. We are all killers. I have played this game where to cheat or show the most basic vulnerability could have cost me my life. It is a game for killers and pointless otherwise." He gestured again. "Remember." Then his opaque eyes turned from me.

Through most of the game I assumed the dark, truculent silence he demanded from us, but I wearied of it after a time and said to him, "Did you really write fiction for the magazines, Uncle Pete?"

His eyes came with dark dullness on me again and he said, "My friend, I am a

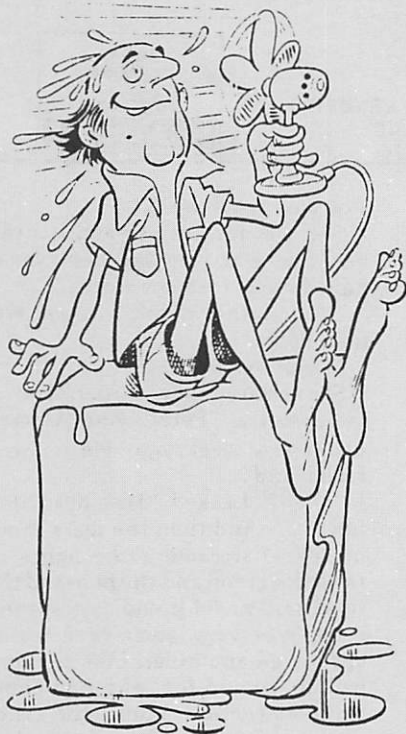
killer. When we sit at this table we have no questions or sympathies. I have played with men who would have cut you down for less than . . ." His eyes turned away again heavily and he mumbled, "Killers." He took a sip of wine. He was into his third bottle now.

I said nothing more than the obligatory after that. My father, playing, did the same. My mother watched for an hour or so, bored, angry, then took a book upstairs. Uncle Pete did not seem to note her departure.

Little of the game itself remains with me. I recall that Uncle Pete played unusually well for a man who had defied the odds in simply remaining conscious. I think he lost about as many hands as he

won. But I cannot forget the feel and tone of the game: the grim, resolute drunkenness, the timeless darkness and warm shadows and dull crickets outside the open window in the summer night; the dull black eyes that warred with his very words and contrived conviction, and lost, and resigned themselves to his despairing service.

I recall a slow, certain realization, too: that he was warring with more, against more, than playing cards that night. The wine and the grim silence he demanded were a sanctuary he was seeking, denied him for long years in the Midwest because he was ever with himself. He was battling his past, every pain and mixed joy, and he needed quiet to war against



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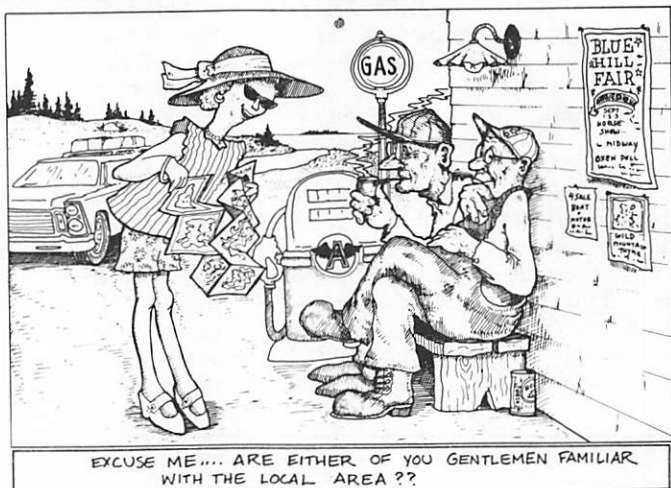
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them and ask The Question of them, or the wine and the many women and the lost homeland and the talk came to nothing.

So we played the game within his sanctuary and we kept his silence. Toward midnight he seemed to come back a bit; his eyes seemed distinctly sharper and clearer and he suddenly smiled.

"You have taken me over the coals, my friends. 'Tis fortunate we play not for cash." He stood up clumsily. "I think I'll go to bed now." He paused and bowed his head and seemed to listen to something compelling and far away. "The crickets' dissonant symphony shall be a lovely thing, 'tween sleep and waking," he said. Then he went with a newly graceful, redeemed gait towards the staircase.

He died a few months later, in the first week of December. I had come home from college on Christmas break and we had gone that day for the tree and were decorating it. I took a big, glistening ball from the box and hung it on a long branch. "Have you heard from Uncle Pete?" I said to my mother. "Did you get

a card or anything?"

She did not answer and I turned to her. She was pale and her eyes questioned me before her words.

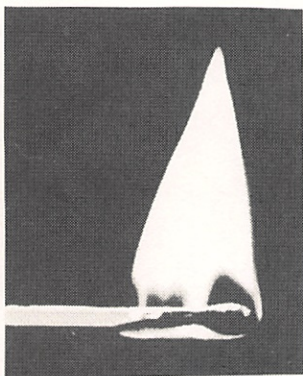
"Your father didn't . . . you weren't told, Peter?"

"Told? What?"

She cleared her throat. Her voice came softly. "Peter, your Uncle Pete died a few weeks ago. He . . . his heart failed, and . . ."

"Died?" I asked. "He's dead? He was only . . ." And then the tears came into my eyes, streaming the lights of the tree, the green and the blue and the red, together, and I could not speak. The room was very quiet then; grim and shadowed and quiet. Like the quiet he had so longed for, and had come the thousand miles home for, and had secured for a few hours in his last summer in that same quiet room.

David Carew is in his mid-twenties. A former Casco resident, he presently lives and works in Portland. Betsy Hanscom, the illustrator, is a free-lance artist in South Windham.



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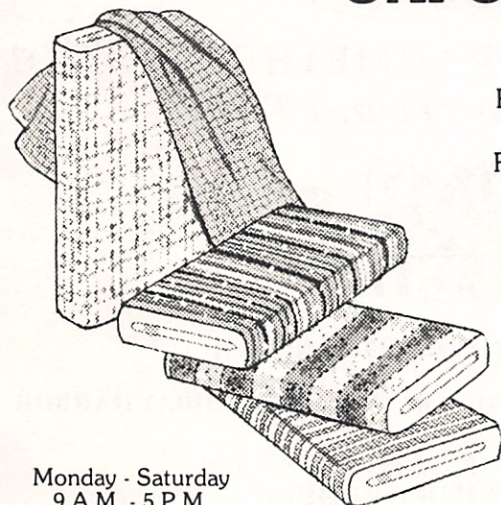
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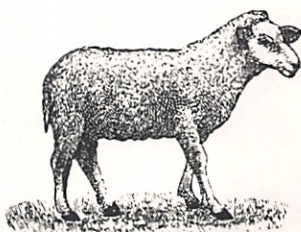


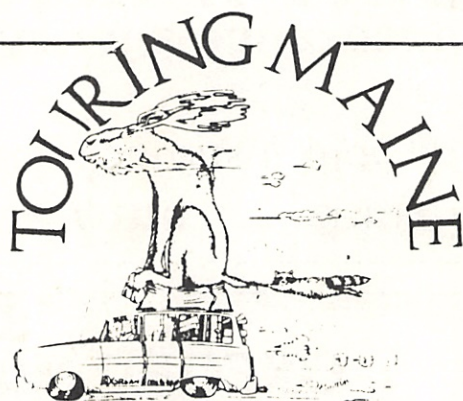
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